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FROM THE FUND IN MEMORY OF
HARRY HOWARD HILL
CLASS OF 1897
FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE





ANDROBOROS
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of the copy in the
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Androboros - &c. - Printed at Mapfongbich - &thence
made the correction meant, I suppose, to imply that
it was printed at Mapos Hodes - Fool's Town. - The cor-
rection, that ran all through the piece, and the key
to the character, make me suppose that this was
the Author's copy.

For a & Service to this Play

See Golden Papers, p. 202

published by New York Historical Society (1867).

also Early American Plays by Oscar Wegelin, p. 50.

Dunlap Society, Publications, n.s., No. 10 (1900).

H. C. Brown: Printers & Printing n. n. 1 p. 12.

ANDROBOROS

A

*Collected
Perfect.
18th 1790.*

Biographical Farce

In Three Acts, *VIZ.*

The SENATE,

The CONSISTORY

AND

The APOTHEOSIS.

By Governour Hunter.

Printed at Monroopolis since 1st August, 1714.



from fund

Drammatis Personæ.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 Androboros, <i>Genl. Maitland</i> | 9 Coxcomb, <i>Genl. Maitland</i> |
| 2 Keeper, <i>Genl. Hunter</i> | 10 Mulligrub, <i>Stapler</i> |
| 3 Deputy, <i>Genl. Maitland</i> | 11 Cobus, <i>Genl. Maitland</i> |
| 4 Speaker, <i>Maitland</i> | 12 Solemn, <i>Maitland</i> |
| 5 Æsop, <i>Samson</i> | 13 Door-keeper, |
| 6 Doodlefack, <i>Latimer</i> | 14 Fizzle, — <i>Stapler</i> |
| 7 Tom of Bedlam, | 15 Flip, <i>Stapler</i> |
| 8 Babillard, <i>Stapler</i> | Messenger. |

S C E N E

Long Gallery in Moor-Fields.

16 Capt. Maitland

17 Maitland

18 Maitland

19 Maitland

20 Maitland

21 Maitland

22 Maitland

23 Maitland

24 Maitland

The Dedication

T O

Don. Com. Fiz.

Right Dreadful SIR!

C*Erdo Gloucestriensis*, an Author of the last Century, of great Sagacity, observ'd well, That *Runto Polimunto Plumpismenoi Raperpandico*—What d'ye stare at? This is good Greek for ought you know, and contains a Mystery, which shall continue so, unless you Reveal it; and so no more of that. The following *Elionophysalo Fizlical Farce* having fallen into my Hands by a most surprising Accident, it seemeth meet unto me that it should, with all due Reverence Kifs yours. Here it lies at your Feet, take it up. Now read the first Act,——Have ye done? What's the matter Man? Have ye got the Gripes? A Plague on your Sower Faces. Bring him a Dram. What have have you to do, had you to do, or ought you to have to do with the *Senate*? You smell a Rat, you say. Be it so. But compose your self, and now Read the second Act,——How d'ye like it, ha? O Hooo, *T'cburrrrrrrrtch*, I can say that as Loud as you can do; and if you'll but leave out these Damnable R's and T's which make it so hard in Pronunciation, and harder in Digestion, I like it better than you do. You don't believe me! and I don't believe in you; and this is a perilous Article in a Mans Belief too; For one ¹⁵ who dy'd a very good *Christian*, was sentenc'd by your Sanctity

†

Dedication to Don Com. Fiz.

Sanctity to, be bury'd a *Pagan*, only because he seem'd to believe that you were some-what Thick of believing; yet you are a Christian, a very good Christian,

*So was your Leader, Major Weere,
Burnt for Bu—ry, God be here.*

He had a good Gift of the Gob too: You were bred up in the same Accademy, the same Principles, and the same way of Worship: All the Difference between you lies in this nice point, He Worship't the Dev'l instead of God, and you worship God as if he were the Dev'l. Come to't again, first take two Turns cross the Room, Cross-ways, I say, Wipe the Sweat from your Brows, and sit down. Now read the Third Act, I'll sing the while,

*It is an Old Maxim, et c'est Escrit,
Au trou de mon cul, look there you'll sit,
When the Head is 'Be—ck't the 'Body's 'Besbit,
Which no 'Body dare Deny, Deny,
Which no 'Body dare Deny.*

Read on, and be hang'd, don't mind me, Man, I sing for my own Diverfion.

*But 'tis strange how Notions are chang'd of late,
For 'tis a New Maxim, but odd one, That
Ce que pend a nos culs doit nous garnir latete,
That I flatly and boldly Deny, Deny,
That I flatly and boldly Deny.*

What is the Matter now? Is he Dead? or is't a Qualm? Holo, a Hay! Who waits there? some burn't Feathers, *Sal Armoniack*? No, No, Let him smell to the Skirt of his own Garment. So, he Recovers. Poor *Fiz*! who could have thought that you were so quick of Smelling! Come, Man, take Courage; What have You or I to do with it? Let the Gall'd Horse wince,

our

Dedication to Don Com. Fiz.

our Withers are unwrung. But tell me, will you be quiet for the Future? You shall be paid for't, nay, you have been paid for't; and it is hard that Men must be Brib'd for Not doing what they ought Not to do. I remember an Odd Fellow upon *Pont Neuf* who got his Livelihood by as Odd a Stratagem; He procur'd himself a Portable Forge and Bellows, which he carried under his Cloak, and having heated a small Iron red hot, he would lug it out and present it to the Gentlemen who pass'd that way, with this Complement, *Good Sir! Pray Sir! give me leave to run my hot Iron into your Arse.* When the Gentleman started at the Extravagance and Danger of the Motion, he continued, *Nay, Sir, if you don't like it, pay me but a Sol Marquee for the heating of my Iron, and there is no harm d ne.* Now had he insisted upon the Performance of the Operation aforesaid, after payment for the necessary Apparatus, he deserv'd to have his Bones broke; but he was most commonly satisfied, and all the Consequence was a fit of Laughter. Now, I know that it is not an easie matter for you to get rid of your Forge and Bellows, but can't you blow your Bellows and heat your Iron at home, and quit that unaccountable Rage of Running it into your honest quiet Neighbours Arses, who pay you amply, and meerly for Forbearance? But I have done. Peace be with ye, I mean such a one as he made who made you a COM-

*And it was a most Masterly stroke of Art
To give Fizle Room to Act his part;
For a Fizle Restrain'd will bounce like a F---t,*

Which no Body can Deny, Deny,
Which no Body can Deny.

Dedication to Don Com. Fiz.

*But when it Escapes from Canonical Hose
And fly's in your Face, as it's odds it does,
That a Man should be bang'd for stopping his Nose,*

*'That I flatly and boldly Deny, Deny;
That I flatly and boldly Deny.*

*Long Kept under Hatches, 'twill force a Vent
In the Shape of a Turd, with its Size and Scent,
And perhaps in its way may beshit a Vestment,*

*Which no body can Deny, Deny;
Which no body can Deny.*

*But however 'tis Dignify'd or Disguis'd,
That it should be for that the higher Priz'd,
And either Don Commis'd or Canoniz'd,*

*That I flatly and boldly Deny, Deny,
That I flatly and boldly Deny.*

Buey Fizzle.

Androboros

Androboros.

Scene First, A & First.

Keeper, Deputy and Tom.

Deputy, **I** Hope, Sir, it is not your intention that this same *Senate*, as they call it, should sit.

Keeper, What harm is there in't, if it does?

Deputy, No great harm, only 'twill ~~raise~~ their Frenzy; They are big with Expectation of some mighty Deliverance, towards which is to be brought about by means of *Androboros*; I think they call him so; Whether there is or ever was such a Person, I know not: but all their hopes are placed in him.

Tom. Sir, it is *Old Nick-nack*, who has Paganiz'd himself with that Name, which interpreted, signifies a *Man-Eater*. He is now very far gone indeed, He talks of nothing but Battles and Seiges, tho' he never saw one, and Conquests over Nations, and Alliances with Princes who never had a being; and this Senate is mainly intended for his Reception, I hope you will not forbid its Meeting, if you do, I shall loose an Employment, having had the Honor to be appointed Clerk of the Senate this Morning, after the Choice of the Speaker; so I beg you'll not Rob me of that Honor, and your self of some Diversion, and I shall take care that their Session shall be harmless.

Keeper. I wish you Joy with all my heart; But Prethee, *Tom*, What Chance or evil Fate conducted thee to this same Doleful Mansion? I am surpriz'd to find thee in such Company.

Tom. No Chance, I assure you, Sir, but free Choice. I found in my reading, That Man was composed of three parts, *Body, Soul* and *Spirit*, and that the two first were entirely ingross'd by two Societys, so I Resolv'd to Exercise my poor Talent upon the Infirmitys of the last, not with any hopes or intention to Cure them, but as others do, meerly to raise my self a Maintenance out of them, here under your Honors happy Auspices. But, Lo, here they come, Retire to a Corner. If I am seen in your Company, my Project is spoil'd.

A& First, Scene Second.

Enter *Doodlefack, Babilard, Solemn, Aesop, &c.*

Speaker. **G**entlemen, The Honor you have done me, how little soever I may deserve it, lays me under an Obligation to Excite my self to the utmost for the int'rest of this House. I humbly propose, That in the first place we concert and agree upon some necessary Rules for preventing Confusion.

Deputy aside. Well spoke, Mr. Speaker, Tho' 'tis something strange that he who has ever affirm'd, That Laws and Liberty were things incompatible, should now propose to proceed by Rules.

Mulligr. I desire to be heard before you proceed to Rules, or any thing else; I have a Speech ready.

Doodlefack. Last onse hearken to Mr. Speaker, and begin with some Rules.

Mulligr. I'll have my Speech first.

Coxcomb. D—n your Speech, Let's proceed to Rules.

Babilard. If Rules be necessary to the Speech, let us have the Speech first, but if the Speech be necessary to the Rules, let us have the Rules.

Cox. I'm for neither Speech nor Rules, let us fall upon bus'ness.

Speaker. Gentlemen, The Question is not, as I take it, which you'll be pleas'd to have, but which shall have the Preference; for you may have both in their Turns.

All Confusedly. Speech, Rules; Rules, Speech, &c.

Mulligrab. My Speech has carry'd it. Hum, Ha, Ough, Ough, Ough, Ough, &c.

Cox. Rot ye, it was not your Cough that Carry'd it; Let off your Speech.

Aesop. Mr. Speaker, I do not find that this matter is, as yet, determin'd to the full satisfaction of this House, for which Cause I beg leave to offer an Expedient, which will end the Debate, that is, That we may have both at a time; whilst Mr. *Mulligrab* is Exonerating himself, we may employ our selves in adjusting and forming the necessary Rules.

All. Agreed.

Speaker. Mr. *Mulligrab*, You may proceed.

Mull. Gentlemen, The ill Measures that have been taken, and the Foundation that hath been laid within this Tenement, to make the Tenants thereof, Tenants therein, is the Cause which causeth me to make this Speech. Our Grievances being innumerable, I shall Enumerate them. The first I shall mention, is this, That tho' the Tenement be large, the Mansions many, and the Inhabitants Numerous, There is but One Kitchin, and one Cellar, by which means we are kept from Eating and drinking What we please, When we please, and as Much as we please, which is our Birth-Right Priviledge by the Laws of God and Nature, settled upon us by A& of Parliament; for which cause I humbly

[;]

More Convenient that each Mansion have its proper Kitchen and Cellar under the special Direction of the respective Tenants?

To clear up the Necessity of this Method, I'll tell you what happ'ned to me t'other day; One of the Servants of this House, who brought me a Mels of Water Gruel, being my Special Friend, and knowing how eagerly my Stomach stood towards what was forbidden me by the Physicians, conveys a Hand of Pork into the Porridge, but being discover'd he was punisht, tho' he offer'd to take his Corporal Oath, That the Hand of Pork was a bunch of Radishes. But of all others, we of the East End of the Tenement suffer most, for by reason of our distance from the Kitchen, our Porridge is cold before it comes to our Hands. To Remedy this, we fell upon a private Intercourse with the *Bethlemites* on the other side of *Moor-fields*, who by virtue of their Charter run at large, by which we broke the Law, pretty Comfortably for a season; but these same subtle Fellows of the Kitchen found it out, and put a stop to't, to the Great Prejudice of the Freedom of the Subject, and the direct Discouragement of our indirect Commerce. I Remember we once Address'd our Superiors, That we might have a Servant of our own, independent of this Plaguey Keeper; They were Graciously pleas'd to allow us such a one, with this Restriction only, That the Servant aforesaid might have the Custody of our Straw and Water, but by no means of our Meat and Drink; notwithstanding this, the Keeper will not permit him to take the care and Custody of our Viſuals and Drink. What! does he think us *Non Corpus Mensus*, that we do not know the meaning of plain words! But I shall Conclude at this time, with this Exhortation, That since it appears plainly, that we of this Tenement, who are Tenants thereof, are in danger of Being, by the Foundations laid, made Tenants therein, let us not lie Crying thereat, but be Valiant Therefore, and Vindicate our Rights There-from, Our Birth-Right Parliamentary Rights, settled upon us by the Ten Commandments.

Speaker. Gentlemen, Mr. *Mulligrub* has given you time to Concert the Rules of the House, would you have them read by the Clerk, in the Order they have been given to him by the several Members?

All. Ay, Ay.

Tom Reads. Mr. *Speaker* Proposes, That to prevent Confusion; not above Three or Four at most be permitted to speak at Once, except in a Grand Committee, where there is no occasion of Hearers.

Mr. *Caucumb* humbly proposes; That no Body be allow'd to speak but himself, because for want of the Attentive Faculty, he is like to have no share in the Hearing, and so ought to have Compensation in Speaking.

Doodlsack has given his in a Foreign Tongue, which when interpreted stands thus, That He having but a small share of Elocution, but a very lively and strong imagination, may have leave, as occasion shall Offer, to Express his Thoughts by Staring, Grinning and Grimaicing, of which he has so Exquisite a Talent, that those who cannot be said to understand any thing else, perfectly understand him in that Method of Utterance.

Babilardus Represents, That he is quite Dum-founded by the late fall

of Stocks, so in Order to the opening his Mouth, he proposes a Law for raising Int'rest to Twelve per Cent.

Asop has given his Rule in Rhime, as follows,

The Rule that I would advise,

Is, Be quiet, and eat your Bread,

If 'tis good; To be Merry and Wist.

'Tis the Dev'l to be Sullen and Mad.

Coxcomb. Damn all Rules, Let us proceed to bus'nese.

Cobus. Let onze erst come to some Revoluties.

Coxcomb. Resolutions! Ay, begin with that, I like that Motion well enough; it is the shortest way.

Speaker. Let one at a time Propose, and the rest Agree or Dissent, as they think fit.

Coxcomb. Resolv'd That neither this House, or they whom we Represent are bound by any Laws, Rules or Customs, any Law, Rule or Custom to the Contrary Notwithstanding.

All. Agreed.

Mulder. That this House disclaims all Powers, Preheminencies or Authoritys, except it's own.

All. Agreed.

Babilard. That this House has an Inherent and Undoubted Right to the Undoubted Property of those we Represent.

Coxcomb. That this House is the only Undoubted Supreme Inferior and Infimus Court of this Tenement, and that all others are a Nufance.

All. Agreed.

Solemn. Mr. Speaker, being Resolv'd to enter my Dissent to these several Resolves, I shall first give my Reasons for so doing. I believe it is needless to put you in mind of our Origine, from whence we sprang, and how we came hither. It is well known that we were of that Number of Publick Spirited Persons, distinguish'd from our Neighbours by an inward Light or Faculty, call it what you Please. The *Romans* call it *Astrum*, the *French*, *Verve*, our Northern Nation has indeed given it a Courser Name, which gave us a strong Disposition toward Reformatations, Remonstrations, Resolutions, and other Acts of Zeal; in the eager pursuit of which we were apt to throw our selves, sometimes our Neighbours, into the Fire or Water. The Wisdom of the Times thought fit to Erect this Tenement for our Intertainment, where the Exercise of the Faculty aforesaid might be less Dangerous or hurtful to our selves, or others. Here we are Maintain'd at their Charge with Food and Rayment suitable to our Condition, and the Fabrick kept in Repair at the no small Annual Expences of our Land-Lords. And what Returns do we make? Have not many of us from our private Cells thrown our Filth and Ordure in their Faces? And now in a Collective Body we are about to throw more filthy Resolves at them.

All. To the Barr, to the Barr.

All. No, With-draw, With-draw.

Solemn. I desire to be heard.

All. With-draw."

Speaker. Sir, It is the pleasure of this House that you With-draw, in order to your being heard. [Exit Solemn.]

Gentlemen, you have heard this mans Insolence. What shall be done with him?

Coxcomb. Hang'd, Drawn and Quarter'd.

Æsop. Ay, but what is his Crime?

Coxcomb. For affronting the Majesty of this House.

Æsop. In what? What has he done or said?

Cobus. Dat weet ick niet, but I agree with *Coxcombs* Proposition.

Speaker. I am for Inflicting no Punishment but what is in our power, that is, to Expell him the House.

All. Expell, Expell.

Æsop. Hold a little. I suppose you intend to punish him, and not your selves; I'll tell you a Story.

All. Expell, Expell, &c.

Æsop. I beg your patience, 'tis but a short one; it is a Tale of a Pack of Hounds of my Acquaintance,

Jowler, the stanchest Hound o'th' breed,
Had got th' ill Will of all the best;
Not for his Tongue, his Nose or Speed,
Tho' these were all by far the best;

Malice and Envy know no bounds
And Currs have ever bark'd at Hounds. ?

But that which most provok'd their Spite
Was this, that when they run a Foil
Or Counter, *Jowler* led them right,
Which cost him many a bitter broil,

Snubbing the Rash and Rioters,
And lugging laizy Ones by th' Ears.

So at a General Council held
For Grievances, or what you will,
Poor trusty *Jowler* was Expell'd,
That free-born Dogs might range their fill.

And so they did; but mark what came on't;
Hence-forth they made but sorry Game on't;

The giddy Pack, their Guide b'ing gone,
Run Riot, and the Hunts-Man swore,
Strap't some, and some he whipt; but one
He hang'd, a Noisy babling Curr.

In short, the Pack was spoyl'd; Pray then,
Shall *Jowler* be Expell'd agen?

Coxcomb. A Pox on your Tale, let us proceed to the Vote.

Speaker

Speaker. What is then your pleasure with relation to the Member, who is to be Expell'd?

All. Expell'd, Expell'd.

Speaker. Call him to the Bar

Enter Solenn.

Sir, For *Reasons* best known to our selves, you are Expell'd.

Solenn. *Sir,* You do me too much honor. [Exit.]

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. Mr. *Speaker,* The Lord *Androboros* with Two Men in Black desires Admittance.

Speaker. Is it your pleasure he be admitted?

Omnes. Ay, Ay.

Speaker. Let the Clerk go to him with the Compliments of the House, and Conduct him in. [Tom a going.]

Keeper. St. St. St. *Tom,* a Word with you. Pray who are these same men in Black, who accompany the General?

Tom. Two other special Friends of yours, viz. *Fizle* and *Flip*; The first was heretofore a *Mugglestonian* of the other side of *Moore-fields*, but having no Butter to his Bread there, he Chang'd their Service for that of this House; He sometime fancy'd himself to be the Pope, but his Brother not relishing that as Derogatory to his Pretensions, he is now Contended to be *Patriarch* of the Western Empire, of which *Androboros* is to be Sultan; The other, for a wonderful Energy in the two most Unruly Members of the Body, has been follow'd of late by the Women and Boys, but a late finistrous Accident has Crack't his Voice, and—that now he is but little regarded. But I must be gone. [Ex. Tom.]

Keeper. The Rogue is a good Painter.

Deputy. He draws from the Life, I assure you.

A& First, Scene Third.

Enter Androboros and Tom, Flip and Fizle.

Androb. Most Venerable Gentlemen, Upon my Rounds of Inspection, Prospection and Retrospection, I have understood with Pleasure, that you have sequester'd from your House that wandering Plague, that Kibes in the Heels, and Piles in the posteriors of Mankind.

Esop. Pardon me, *Sir,* your Name has not been mention'd here, that I know of.

Androb. I mean *Solenn*, which A& I approve and Commend. It is with no less satisfaction that I now acquaint you, That upon the Earnest Application and most humble Suit of the High and Potent *Towwownyonghtough*, Emperor of many Nations, and my good Allies, the Kings of *Agnisagkimaghswoughsayk*, *Savanaghripbough*, and *Bowwongewouffe*, I have undertaken an Expedition against the *Mulo Machians*, your Inveterate Foes. Your Concurrence to enable me to carry it on with Success, is what I demand and expect; and for your Incouragement, I do Swear by this sacred Image, not to pare these Nails, wash this blew Visage,
or

or put off this speckled *Shirt*, Until I have made that Haughly Monarch Confess himself, in all his Projects for Universal Dominion, my Inferior; and My Delamya, fairer then the fairest Princess of his Blood or Empire. So leaving this weighty Affair to your wise Counsels, We bid you heartily Farewell. *[Exit Strutting.]*

Speaker. You have heard what this Man has propos'd. What do you Resolve?

Coxcomb. Let us Resolve to Support, Maintain and Defend the undoubted Title of the Great *Androboros* to the Powers and Authoritys he has Graciously Assum'd over this and all other the like Tenements, against all Wardens, Directors, Keepers, and their Abettors,

All. Agreed.

Doodlejack. Let onze Dissolve, That a Summ not Exceeding Negen Skilligen and Elleve Pence be rais'd for the Expeditie.

All. Agreed.

Speaker. Ay, and 'tis more then 'tis worth.

Babilard. Let us Resolve, That He has behav'd Himself on the said Expedition with Courage, Conduct and Prudence.

Speaker. What! before 'tis over!

Esop. By all means, lest when it is over you should have less reason for this Resolve. But if after all, we must go to War, I would be glad to be better satisfy'd with the Choice of a Leader; For as to this Mans Prowess, we have nothing but his own Word for't.

Coxcomb. The Choice is a good Choice, and he that doubts it, is a Son — So for that, amongst other weighty Reasons, I second Mr. *Babilards* Motion.

Doodlejack. Ick ock, because it may cast some Reflectie upon our Keeper.

Esop. Before you proceed any further, I'll beg leave to tell you another Tale, it is but a short one, and if it fails to instruct, it may divert.

The Bees so fam'd for Feats of War,
And Arts of Peace, were once, of Sense
As void as other Insects are,
Till time and late Experience,
The only Schoolmaster of Fools,
Taught them the use of Laws and Rules:

In that wild state they were Assail'd
By th' Wasps, oft routed and Opprest;
Not that their Hearts or Hands had fail'd,
But that their Head was none o'th' best;
The Drone being, by the Commons Voice,
Chose for the Greatness of his Noise.

Thus ill they sped in every Battle;
For tho' the Chief was in Request
At home, for's Fools Coat and his Rattle;
Abroad he was the Common Jest.
The Wasps in all Ingagements, held —
His Folly more then half the Field.

Grown Wiser by repeated Woes,
 The Bees thought fit to change their Chief;
 It was a *Humble Bee* they Chose,
 Whose Conduct brought them quick Relief;
 And ever since that Race has led 'em,
 The *Drones* are Drums, as Nature made 'em.

But go on with your Resolves; you have mine.

Speaker. I like the last Choice of the Bees, for my part; for by the Law no man can be allow'd to be an Evidence for himself, especially when he happens to be a single one.

Doodlefack. Wisly Wasly's; I agree to Mr. *Babilards* Propositie, for the Reasons given, with this addition, That our Keeper is een Skellum.

Coxcomb. And ought to be dismiss't from having any further Authority.

Act First, Scene Fourth.

Enter *Keeper* and *Deputy*.

Keeper. TO your Kennels, ye Hounds.— [Exit Omnes.]

Deputy. Now, Sir, I hope you are satisfied, and for the future you'll keep 'em to their Cells.

Keeper. No, let them enjoy their former Liberty, perhaps they'll stand Corrected.

Deputy. I much doubt it; but I shall Obey.

Keeper. Now, Mr. Tom. If I may be so bold, Favour me with a sight of the Minutes of your House.

Tom. With all my heart, here they are.

Keeper. What's here! A *Castle*, a *Wind-Mill*, and *Shepherd* with a *Ram* at his back?

Tom. Ay, Sir, a sort of *Egyptian* short Hand, containing the substance of their Resolves. The *Castle* *Revers'd* and in the Air, denotes the independency of our House; The *Wind-Mill* without Sails, an Expedition without Means or Leader; and the *Ram* butting the *Shepherd* on the Breech, or in other words, dismissing him from having any further Authority over him.—

Keeper. That wants no Explanation. You'll Watch them, Tom, and serve them in the same Capacity, if they meet again.

Tom. To the best of my Skill.

Keeper. Let's to Dinner.

[Exit.]

Finis Actus Primi.

Act Second, Scene First.

Enter *Babilard*, *Fizle*, *Flip*, *Coxcomb*.

Babilard. You see what our wise Resolves have brought upon us, we shall never do his bus'ness in this way, Muzzled as we are; I wish my Advice had been follow'd.

Fizle. Pray what was that?

Babilard. I was for proceeding in the way of secret Representations and Remonstrances against him, which My Lord *Oinobaros*, his declar'd Enemy, might have long e'er this improv'd to his Ruin.

Fizle. That was my own Method, but that which discourages me is, that at Parting my Lord assur'd me, That he would return in six Moneths, and Confirm me in my *Patriarchat*; instead of that, he has himself taken up with the Wardenship of a Spunging-house.

Coxcomb. No, that Method will never do. Have not I, and my Friends transmitted to Mr. *Wry Rump* a Ream of Complaints, as big as the Bunch on his back, which were Referr'd to the Consideration of the Casually sitting Members of the little House, and he was dismiss'd with a Kick o' h' Breach. We must Accuse him of something more Flagrant; Triffles won't do.

Fizle. Why, Then I have another Device for you. You see he can Dissolve our Senate with a Crack of his Whip, so there is nothing to be done that way. Let us incorporate our selves into a *Consistory*; That I believe He dare not touch, without being Reputed an Enemy to the Consistory; and if he does, we may hunt him down full Cry at present.

Flip. That I shold like well enough, but I'm afraid the Cunning Rogue won't meddle with us, as such.

Fizle. We'll say, and swear, That he did, and that's all one. I have a Plot in my head, which I hope will do the bus'ness; in the mean time, go you and acquaint the Rest, that they meet us here in full Consistory immediately.

[Exit *Babilard*, and *Coxcomb*.]

Flip. Pray, Brother, Instruct me in your Contrivance, I may help you out with my Advice.

Fizle. It is briefly this. This same Rogue was ever an Enemy to the short Coats and Scanty Skirts of the Laity, and Consequently to the long Robes and Pudding Sleeves of the others; I'll instantly have my long Coat Beskirted and Besh—, and give out, That it is He, or some of his People, who has don't. If any should be so Heterodox as to doubt the truth o'at, I have some ready to swear to the Size and Colour of the T—.

Flip. I like this well; about it streight, I'll attend them here, Open the Consistory in your Name, and Prepare 'em for what is to ensue.

[Exit *Fizle*.]

Flip. This same *Fizle* is a Notable Fellow for the head of a Consistory, if he had but a Competent Doze of Brains; but These are so shallow

that a Louse may suck 'em up without surfeiting, which renders that noble Portion of *Malice*, with which he is Liberally endow'd of little use to the Publick.

Act Second, Scene Second.

Enter *Mulligrub*, *Doodlejack*, *Babilard*, *Coxcomb*, *Tom*, *Asop*, &c.

Flip. IN the Absence of My Brother *Fizle* whose occasions have call'd him away for a litle time, I am to acquaint you, That he has of his own free Will, meer Motion and by virtue of the Plenitude of his Patriarchal Authority, chosen and elected you for his Consistory-men and Counsellors in all Cases and Causes Visible and Invisible.

Coxcomb. We are highly honor'd by his Choice, and Promise an Implicit Obedience to his pleasure. [Enter *Fizle*.

Fizle. O Horror! O Abomination! was ever the like seen, heard or read of!

Flip. What's the Matter?

Fizle. As I went to Robe my self for the more decent Attendance on this Consistory I found my Robes in this Pickle! That Vestment, so Reverenc'd by the Antient and Modern World, beskirted and Bedaub'd with what I must not name!

Asop. Who has done this?

Fizle. Who has done it! Who but the known Enemies to Consistories and Long Skirts?

Asop. But methinks your Discretion should have directed you to our Keeper with this Complaint.

Fizle. Our Keeper! One of my Brethren told him of it but now, and he coldly Reply'd, If Mr. *Fizle* from the Redundancy of ~~the~~ Zeal has besmit himself, the Abundance of his Wisdom, methinks, should prevail with him to keep the Secret, and make himself Clean.

Mulligrub. A plain Proof the Keeper is the Man.

Coxcomb. Ay, Ay, There Needs No Other Proof; it must be the Keeper.

Fizle. I own, I thought so from the beginning; but what course shall we steer for Redress?

Flip. If I may be thought worthy to advise in a matter of this Moment, we shall immediately Address My Lord *Oinebaros* on this head, he being a Devotee to Long Robes of both Gendres, must highly Resent this Affront, and with the Assistance of *Andrebaros*, no less an Enemy to the Keeper, may Manage it to his Ruin and our Satisfaction.

Babil. Let Mr. *Fizle* draw up an Address, and we'll all sign it.

Fizle. Gentlemen, If such is your pleasure, I'll retire with the Clerk, prepare one, and submit it to your Approbation.

All. Pray go about it.

[Exit *Fizle* and *Tom*.

Asop. I Resent this Affront to the Long Robe as much as any Man, but methinks you proceed too hastily, and upon too slender Grounds against your Keeper. We all know the Malice of Mr. *Fizle*'s heart,
and

and that it has increas'd in proportion to the Keepers good Nature: Had he been oftner Check'd, he had been less Troublesome to himself and us. Let us not provoke our Keeper; for my part, I think he is a good one.

Coxson. What! is he not an Enemy to the Consistory?

Esop. No, he is an Enemy to their Folly, and can well distinguish between the Function and the Person who abuses it. Pray give me leave to divert you, 'till *Fizle* returns, with another Tale; It is harmless, and I hope will give no Offence.

In the beginning God made Men,
And all was well, but in the End
Men made their Gods, and Fondly pay'd 'em.
The Worship due to him that made 'em,
And all was wrong; for they increas'd,
And Multiply'd like Man and Beast;
But none were bold in Reverence
So much as *Phoebus*, God of sense
And Non-sense, Patron, as occasion
Did serve, of Arts and Inspiration;
Once on a day as he was led
About to give a Cast of's Trade,
Whether to Dance, or Sing, or Fiddle;
Or as some say, to read a Riddle,
I know not; but what-e'er it was,
His Vehicle was but an Ass,
And he none of the wisest neither;
For when the Crowd had got together
To pay due Homage to their God,
Strowing with Flow'rs the Path he rode,
And singing Psalms, the vain Beast
Believ'd all this, to him Address'd:
He Pranc'd, and Flung, and Frisk'd about;
Scatt'ring much Dirt among the Rout,
And bray'd as if h' had got a Pack
Of Dev'ls, and not a God on's back:
The Crowd essay'd by gentle ways, *his*
To Curb his Pride, and smoothe ^a Pace;
But all was talking to the Wind;
For Zeal is deaf, when-e'er 'tis blind.
Finding all other Methods fail,
They seiz'd him by the Ears and Tail,
And took the Idol from his back,
With many a lusty Bang and Thwack.
They let him know, that *Phoebus* was
The God, and he was but an Ass.

How d'ye like it? It is an old Tale, but a true *Eccum Ipsum*; let him speak for himself.

Act Second, Scene Third.

Enter Fizzle and Tom.

Fizzle. **G**entlemen, I have finish'd the Address. Is it your pleasure that the Clerk read it?

All. Ay, Ay.

Tom. reads. To the most Potent Lord *Oinobares*, Count of *Kynoumaris*, Baron of *Elaphokardia*, The General Consistory of *New Babilon* most Humbly Represent, That we your Excellencies ever *Respect'd Subjects*,

Fizzle. Devoted Subjects.

Tom. Under a deep sense of the manifold *Blessings* we Enjoy'd.

Fizzle. *Blessings*, you Ouph you.

Tom. Blessings we Enjoy'd under your *Wild Administration*.

Fizzle. Mild Administration.

Tom. Mild Administration, find our selves at this time under a *Natural Inclination*.

Fizzle. What's that? Let me see't, *Natural Inclination*! It can't be so; It is *Indispensible Obligation*.

Tom. Ay, it should be so.

Fizzle. Write it down so then.

Tom. 'Tis done. Finding our selves under an *Incomprehensible Obligation*.

Flip. 'Ow's! That's worse than t'other.

Tom. Cry Mercy, That is a blunder, *Indispensible Obligation* to have Recourse to your Excellencies known *Condemnable Opposition* to our Consistory, and all Things Sacred.

Fizzle. I think the Dev'l is in the Fellow. It is *Commendable Disposition*.

Tom. You use so many Long Words, that a Clerk who is not a Scholar may easily mistake one for another. Towards our Consistory, and all things Sacred, Take leave humbly to Represent, That on the *Evening which succeeded the following Day*.

Fizzle. Thou Eternal Dunce! *The Evening which preceded All-hallowday*,

Tom. Which preceded *All-hallowday* some open or secret Enemies to this Consistory broke into our *Cupboard*.

Fizzle. Ward-Robe.

Tom. Wardrobe, taking from thence some Lumber appertaining to the *Chief of our Rogues*, I mean; some Robes appertaining to the Chief of our Number, which they Inhumanely Tore to pieces and Bedaub'd with *Odour*.

Mulligrub. Hold! I make Exception to that, for there are sweet Odours as well as fower.

Flip. 'Slid; 'tis *Ordure*, (and not *Odour*) which is but another Name for a T——d.

Mulligrub. Write it down so then, for a T——is a T——all the world over,

Flip. And the more you stir it, the more 'twill stink. But go on.

Tom. Now tho' we cannot *Possibly Prove*, yet we *Affirm Possively*, That it is our Keeper.

How's

Æsop. How's that?

Fizle. He reads wrong; it is, *Tho' we cannot Positively Prove, yet we Affirm, That possibly it may be our Keeper.* Go on.

Tom. Our Keeper, or some of his People, who is guilty of this *Fac-tious Fact.*

Fizle. Flagitious Fact.

Tom. Flagitious Fact. We further beg leave to Represent, That this Morning in a Collective Body, by a great *Brutality of Noises.*

Fizle. Plurality of Voices.

Tom. We had declar'd him a *Raskal*, but he had the Impudence to send us packing to our Cells, though we had several *Morduous Masters* under the *Inspection of our Hose.*

Mulligrub. Hold! I do not well understand that, Read it again.

Fizle. He cant read his own Hand; it is *Several Arduous Masters* under the *Inspection of our House.* Go on.

Tom. Wherefore it is our humble and earnest Supplication, That we may be once more put under your *Wild Distraction.*

Fizle. Mild Direction.

Tom. Or that of the *Excrement Androboras.*

Fizle. Excellent *Androboras.*

Tom. That so we may give a *Loose to Our Knavery.*

Fizle. I'm afraid, Sirrah, you are a Knave; Get loose from our Slavery.

Tom. I'm afraid, Sirrah, you are a Knave; Get loose from our Slavery, and fix a *solid Security* for our *Nasty Foundations.*

Fizle. Is the Dev'l in thee! A solid Foundation for our lasting Security.

Tom. A solid Foundation for our lasting Security. And your Petitioners, like *Asses as they are, in a dirty Pound,* shall never cease to *Bray.*

Fizle. (Raskal! it should be) like as they are in *Duty Bound,* shall never cease to *pray.* (I could swear he reads thus on purpose.)

Æsop. And not be For-sworn. But have you done?

Tom. Yes, an't please your Honors.

Fizle. Gentlemen, do you approve of this Draught?

Æsop. I like it as the Clerk read it.

Mulligrub. I approve of all, except the *Ordure*; I'll have it a T—:

Coxcomb. You'll have it a T—, A T— in your Teeth; it shall stand as it is *Ordure.* *Mulligrub.* T—d.

Doodlefack. Ick been on the Cant van de T—d.

Babilard. Let us Compromise the Matter, and make it *Turdure.*

All. Ay, agreed.

Æsop. Gentlemen, you have agreed to the Draught of an Address; but what is to be done with it?

Coxcomb. Transmitted to *Oinobares.*

Æsop. For what purpose?

Coxcomb. To get Rid of our Keeper, and get *Oinobares* in his room,

Æsop. If you should, my mind Forbodes you would repent the Change.

Coxcomb. Why?

Æsop. Why! why because a man who could never yet Govern himself, will make but a sorry Governour for others,

Gen.

Coxcomb. Have a care what you say ; That is *Scandalum Magnatum*.

Doodlefack. Pray, *Mtr. Tim.* Wat is dat Lating? Ick forestae't niet.

Tom. He say, my Lord is in a very great Poit, call'd, *The Scandalum Magnatum*.

Doodlefack. Is it given him lately.

Tom. No, he has it by inheritance.

Esop. Be advis'd by me ; Lay your Address aside, and keep as you are ; As for your Keeper, none of you can say that he has done you any harm ; and for my part I am convinc'd, that he has done us much good. I must beg leave to tell you a Story.

Coxcomb. Hang you and your Storys ; we shan't mind 'em.

Esop. You may give it the same fair play you did to *Mulligrub's* Speech ; hear it, tho' you do not mind it. I pray your patience.

The Frogs, a Furious fickle Race,
With little Maners, and less Grace,
Croak'd for a King so loud,
That all the Host of Heav'n sate mute
Nodding to *Jove* to grant their suit,
And give 'em what they wou'd.

A King they had, of such a size
Who's Entry too, made such a Noise,
That Ev'ry Neut and Frog
Affrighted, run to hide their heads ;
Some in the Pool, some 'mongst the Reeds,
Like Fools, 'Twas but a Log.

At last, one bolder than the rest,
Approach'd, and the new Prince Address't,
No hurt from thence sustain'd,
He mock'd his former Fears, and swore
'Twas the best stick of Wood that o'er
The Marshes ever Reign'd.

Then all the Croaking Crew drew near,
And in his shade from th' angry Air
Were shelter'd safe, and eas'd,
Nay, more then that, they'd frisk and play
Upon his back a live long day,
He Undisturb'd and pleas'd.

The Pertest Frog of all the Pack,
A Toad, some say, his hue was Black ;
'Tis true ; but that's no matter,
Upon the passive Monarch's head,
At times would Noxious Venom shed,
And both his sides bespatter.

'Twas That same Frog, the Legends tell,
Burst when he only meant to swell,
Soon after these Events.

Be that as 'twill, 'twas He that drew
That giddy Senseless Crowd to new
Sedition and Complaints.

Give us a bustling King, *Dread Sir!*
They cry'd, a King that makes a stir;
This is not to be mov'd.

You heard and gave 'm one, who's care
Was, that they should Obey and Fear,
No matter how they Lov'd.

It was a *Stork*, who's Law-less Rage
Spar'd neither Sex, Degree nor Age,
That came within his reach.
And that was great, for whilst his Claws
Ransack't the Deep, his Vulturs Jaws
Could wander o'er the Beach.

Then they Implor'd the God to send
From heav'n a Plague, from Hell a Fiend,
Or any but this Curse.
Peace, cry'd the Monarch of the Gods,
Ye Worms; Keep him you have, 'tis odds
The Next may prove a Worse.

Now If you please, you may put the Question about your Address.
I take it to be Log or Stork.

Enter Door-Keeper.

Door-keeper. Here's a Courier from *Androburos*, just return'd from the
Expedition, who desires Admittance.

Esop. It is the most Expeditious Expedition I ever heard of; let us
adjourn the Address, and receive the General's Message.

Fizle. Let him come in.

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. The Renown'd *Androburos* with a tender of his hearty Zeal
and Affection sends this to the Consistory, the Senate being Discontinued,
[*Delivers a Letter.*]

Fizle Reads.

Right Frightful and Formidable, We Greet you Well, And by
this Acquaint you, That for many Weighty Considerations Us
thereunto moving, We have thought fit to adjourn the Indended Expe-
dition to a more proper season, because we have, upon due and Ma-
ture Examination been fully convinc'd, that the *Antinomachians*, our Re-
puted Enemies, are in very deed our good and faithful Friends and Allies,
who, to remove all Doubts and Scruples, have freely offer'd to Consoli-
date Consistories with us, as also to divide with us the Commerce of the
World, generously resigning and yeilding to us that of the two Poles,
reserving to themselves only what may lie between e'm. They have
likewise Condescended that we shall keep some Forts and Holds, which
by the Fortune of the War they could not take from us, and have
promis'd

mind and engaged to RAZE and DESTROY
our prejudice, so soon as more Convenient are
I place. You are further to understand, to your Great satisfaction
at this is a Treaty Litteral and Spiritual, so that having two Handles
may be Executed with the greater Facility, or if need be, the One
may Execute the other, and so it may Execute it self. Now these
concessions (tho' it be well known that I hate Boasting) having been
obtain'd, in a great measure, by the Terror of my Name and Arms, I
expect your Thanks. And so we bid you heartily Farewell.

Androboros.

Æsop. Buzzzzzz, Hummmmm, Buzzzzzz—

Fizle. What Return shall we give to this Civil and Obliging Message?

Æsop. Return him his Letter.

Coxcomb. No, let us vote him Thanks, a Statue and a Triumph!

Enter Keeper.

Keeper. Be not surpriz'd, I have heard what you are about, and Cordially joyn with you in what you propose, in honour of the Valiant *Androboros*, Having received instructions from my Superiors to use that mighty Man according to his Deserts.

Æsop. What? Is our Keeper Mad too?

Keeper. In the Mean time, all Retire to your respective Apartments, until due Disposition be made for his Reception.

Exit maugre Fizle and Æsop.

Act Second, Scene Fourth.

Fizle. **W**Hat Man! I'm Dumps, because our Keeper let fall a word or two about Orders to use a certain great Man according to his deserts!

Æsop. I hope he has receiv'd the same Orders relating to you.

Fizle. There is more in this than you Imagine; I ever believ'd, that it would come to this at last.

Æsop. Why? What's the matter?

Fizle. The Keeper undoubtedly has receiv'd Orders to resign to *Androboros*.

Æsop. What then?

Fizle. What then! I'll tell you what then; Then My Brethren and I shall have our due, and you with yours be proud to lick the Dust off our Feet.

Æsop. Ha'nt ye your Allowance?

Fizle. What of that? That's no more then the Law gives us.

Æsop. And you would have more. Law or Custom make an Inch to an Ell very fair allowance; you, it seems, want an Ell to an inch. I wish your Stint might be some how ascertain'd; but that, I doubt, can easily be compass'd. And whosoever, by giving hopes to find an end
—will find himself deceiv'd, I'll tell you a Tale to this

The Rats, a Tribe much better fed
 Then taught, that mortally abhor'd
 To work, lov'd ease and eating, fled
 For shelter to a Saxon Lord,
 Who's Barns and Paunch were ever full,
 And nothing Empty but his Skull.

Here did they Revel at their ease,
 Far from the watchful Pusses Eye;
 For he had banish't all that Race
 For th' Love they bore to liberty
 And Cleanliness, Things to his Nature
 As opposite as Fire to Water.

His steward put him oft in mind,
 That all his plenty only serv'd
 To Fatten Vermin, whilst the Hind
 Thar Labour'd, and his Servants starv'd;
 And what was worse, th' Infirm and Poor
 Unfed, Unpity'd, ply'd his Door.

To this, the Chutle reply'd at length,
 And they may all starve on for me,
 The Rats eat not above a Tenth,
 These would Consume me one in Three,
 They are the Rats that would destroy me,
 The others cannot much annoy me.

The pamper'd Tribe familiar grown
 By this Indulgence, Lodg'd themselves
 No more as heretofore they ad done,
 In holes and Corners, and on Shelves,
 But in his Robes, and in the upshot,
 They ate his very Heart and Guts out.

God beyt't ye.

Fizle. Rats! a Dog! I'll Rat ye, ye Whorson Tale-Teller, you
 Vermin! a Son of a Whore——

[Exit *Fizle*.]

[Exit *Fizle*.]

Act Third, Scene First.

Enter *Keeper*, *Deputy*, *Tom* and *Servant*.

Deputy. **W**ith all due Submission, Sir, give me leave to ask you
 what you mean by the splendid Reception you have
 promis'd to give to that Odd Man?

Keeper. Very Little besides Diversion. My Superiors, as I am inform'd,
 have Cloath'd him with Sham-Powers merely to get rid off his Noise
 and Trouble; and since these must fall to my share, I'll humour him
 to keep him quiet.

Deputy. That is not to be hop'd for whilst he lives,

C

Tom.

Tom. Persuade him that he is dead then.

Keeper and Deputy. Ha, Ha, Ha,

Tom. It is far from Impossible, however Extravagant you may think the Overture. If you'll be rul'd by me, I'll answer for the Success of what I propose, under any Penalties you please. I'm sure he has had the Art to Dream himself into Notions every whit as Absurd. His Imagination is very ductile when 'tis heated, and by a Long Practice upon't, he has made it as susceptible of Impressions from Without, as it has been of these from Within. Do you but when he appears, behave your selves as if he were Invisible, and take no manner of Notice of what he shall say or do, and I'll answer for the rest. Here he comes, mind him not,

Enter *Androboros*.

Tom. I was not present, Sir, when he Expir'd, but arriv'd a few Minutes after.

Keeper. So suddenly too! I wish he may not have had foul play.

Androb. Your Servant, Gentlemen, I hope I do not Interrupt you; pray, who is it you speak of?

Tom. No, Sir, he dy'd of an uncommon Disease, The Physicians call it, a *Tympany in the Imagination*, occasion'd by a collection of much Indigested Matter there, which for want of due Excretion, made a breach in the Pericrane, at which that great Soul took its flight.

Keeper. Had he made his Will?

Androboros. Pray, Gentlemen, who is it that's Dead?

Tom. I have not heard of any.

Androb. Cry mercy, I thought—

Tom. Only about the time he Expir'd, he Cry'd, I leave This World, this Worthless World to My *Delamya*, O *Delamya*!

Androb. You Impudent Dog you, dare but to Profane that sacred Name with thy base breath, and I'll crush thee to Nothing.

Tom. Hark, did not you hear an odd Noise?

Deputy. Something like the Humming of a Bee.

Tom. Me thinks it sounded rather like the Breath of the Bung of an Empty Barrel.

Androb. You Sawcy Knave, Take that. [Strikes him a Box o' th' Ear]

Tom. It was nothing but a Flea in my Ear. [Scratching his Ear.]

And so, (as I was saying,) with that Name in his Mouth he Expir'd.

Androb. Gentlemen, I am not to be made a May-Game, your betters shall be acquainted with your Conduct. [Exit.]

Keeper. Ruff *Tom*, and allay or baulk his Fury. [Exit *Tom*.]

What d'ye think of *Tom*'s Project, is it Not an Odd One?

Deputy. I hardly believe Hell'll succeed, but if he does, what then?

Keeper. Then We shall live at ease, he'll dream no more, when he thinks that he's dead. It is amazing that this Mans Visions, like Yawning, should be catching. The Inhabitants of this Tenement are not the only Dupes of his Quixotism.

Deputy. That indeed is matter of Wonder; and if the Countenance given to Folly be not all Grimace, The World is as Mad as he.

Enter *Tom*.

Tom.

Tom. I have Instructed the Porter, and the other Servants, and have proclaim'd to all, the General remains *Incognito*, until he makes his Publick Entry, and that no notice is to be taken of him, more then if he were Absent, under the Pain of his highest Displeasure.

Keeper. So far all goes well. But you must Intrust *Solemn* and *Æsop* with your Plot.

Tom. I have already. The first is to be my Conjuror

Keeper. Conjuror!

Tom. Yes, my Conjuror ; To him alone, and that too but some times, he shall be visible, to all besides, a shadow, an Empty Name. Here they come.

Enter *Solemn* and *Æsop*.

Keeper. Gentlemen, you have your Q.

Solemn. Do you but keep your Countenance, leave the rest to us.
[Chairs and a Table, they sit down.]

Enter *Androboros*.

Androb. Sure all the World is Mad, or have a mind to make me so ; I try'd to get out, but the Porter lean't his Staff against my Nose, and belch't full in my Chops ; a Culverine could not have done more suddain Execution than that Erruption of Barm and Tobacco Smoak.

Solemn. When is he to be Interr'd ?

Tom. This Ev'ning, but is to lie in State here till then.

Androboros, I made a Shift to recover my self, and attempted the back passage ; but in the Door of the Kitchen I was saluted with a Pale of *Foul* Water, which had like to have been succeeded by a Shovel of burning Coals, but that I made a speedy Retreat. Something's the matter, what e'er it is ; I'll listen here and find it out.

Keeper. But, why so suddainly ? 'Tis strange so Great a Man should be bury'd with so little Ceremony.

Androb. Bury'd, said he !

Tom. It is done by the advice of Physicians, who have declar'd that his Disease was such as makes a man sink vilely after he is dead.

Keeper. The fair *Delamys* ! how does she bear the Loss ?

Tom. She's Inconsolable, ready to burst her sides.

Keeper. How ! *Tom* ? Yes, Sir, Excess of Joy makes some People Weep ; Excess of Grief makes her Laugh inordinately, and Cry out incessantly, *Are these our promised Joys, O Androboros ! One Grave shall hold us.* And then she laughs again.

Androb. *Androboros,* it seems then I'm dead ; 'tis odd that I should not know it. I'll try that.

Keeper. Poor Lady, she lov'd him well, I doubt she'll be as good as her Word.

Æsop. Who set this Empty Chair by me ?

Solemn. Save me, ye Kinder Powers, and guard my Senses !

Keeper. What's the matter Man ? What d'ye see ?

Tom. It is but a Raving fit, the Effect of deep study ; he is often taken so.

Solemn. No, my sense is temperate as yours. Look there, There *Æsop* !

Æsop. There is a Chair, What then?

[*Shoving it with his Foot.*]

Solemn. Have ye no Eyes? Can't you see?

Keeper. For my part I see nothing but what I use to see.

Solemn. Why there, in that Chair sits the Venerable Form of the deceas'd *Androboros*, in nothing differing from that Awful Figure he once made, but that you regard it not.

Keeper. Sure he Raves.

Æsop. That Chair. Why there's nothing in that Chair. There it lies.

[*Strikes down Androboros, Chair and all.*]

Solemn. O ! Offer it no Violence.

Androb. You Old Dog, I'll be Reveng'd.

[*Goes off.*]

Solemn. See how it Stalks off! With what Majestick Air, and how Stern a Brow! It Resents the Indignity offer'd. Ha, Ha, Ha.

All. Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha.

Tom. Now we have him; it begins to work; if I do not mistake his Looks.

Deputy. I had much ado to contain my self.

Keeper. What's next to be done?

Tom. Trust that to me; but be sure not to mind him, ev'n tho' he should be Outragious. To *Solemn* only he must be visible for some time. Have you got your Conjuring Tackle ready?

Solemn. I have. What will serve the turn. O here he comes again in very pensive Mood and doleful Dumps. All walk off, as if you saw him not; I'll remain alone.

[*Exeunt Keeper, Deputy, Tom and Æsop, passing by Androboros without taking Notice of him.*]

Act Third, Scene Second.

Solemn at the Table with Books and Implements.

Enter Androboros.

Androb. **T**Is Strange, Wondrous strange, I should take the whole to be a Trick, were it not that my best, my firmest Friends, who never could be Induc'd to practise upon me in this gross manner, behave themselves to my Face as if they saw me not. Whilst I sate at that Table, That only Rascal, *Solemn* saw me, and started and star'd as if he had seen a Ghost; The rest saw nothing. They were talking of my Disease, Death, Burial and latter Will, as of things certain, and of publick knowledge. I think I'm pretty sure that I am Alive, tho' it seems, I am singular in that belief. I See, I Feel, I Hear as I us'd to do, ev'n now I hear my own Voice as plain as can be; I have Thought and Reflection as usual. But, Alas! departed Spirits if they think at all, must think that they do think, that is, that they are not dead, — It may be so — Ev'n that very Knave who but now could see me, sits musing by himself as if I were not here. I Remember it was the Common Opinion that a Ghost that walks, could be

be seen but by One of a Company. But why should he be blind now? *[Walks nearer.]*

Solemn. It must Portend some suddain Change i'th' State; For Ghosts of Note never walk but upon these solemn Errands.

Androb. He does not see me yet; I remember I was on th' other side when he saw me last. *[Goes to the other side.]*

Solemn. If the poor Spirit is permitted once more to haunt these Walls, I'll question it, if my Courage fail me not; he may, perhaps, have something of Moment in Commission.

Androb. If you can't see me, can't you hear me, you old Dev'l you? *[Bawling.]*

Solemn. How painful, yet unprofitable are all the deeper ways of Art? The Vulgar undisturb'd, frequent the silent Shades, and quietly enjoy the pleasure of soft Recess or Balmy Slumbers, whilst I whom Science has rais'd so far above them, have not a peaceful hour. If at any time I would see into Futurity, I must take my *Talisman*, and then all Ghosts or Spectres which chance at that time to crowd the Ambient Air, become visible to me, and to me alone. Not dreaming of any search into the Intellectual World; but by meer Chance, I grasp'd my *Talisman* thus, when streight —

[Takes a Tobacco-stopper out of his Pocket. Starts up Wildly.]

Angels and all the Ministers of Grace, Defend me. Be thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin Damn'd! Bring with thee Airs from Heav'n, or Blasts from Hell, Thou Com'st in such a Questionable Shape, I'll speak to Thee. Thanks Good Hamlet for this again, I'll *[Softly]* call thee General. Valiant *Androbates*, O speak.

Androb. I tell you, ye Old Fool —

Solemn. O speak, if ought of dire Import.

Androb. Why, I'll tell you, Sirrah —

Solemn. To this our state disturbs thy sacred Shade, impart, O speak.

Androb. Let me speak then, and be hang'd —

Solemn. For sure no common Cause could raise thee from thy silent Herse.

Androb. 'Owns! Can your *Talisman* make you See, and not make you Hear, You Old Conj'ring Dog, you?

Solemn. Its Lips Tremble, as if it would Speak, but this is not the time. Up, Up, my *Talisman*, and give thy Master and the Perturbed Spirit Quiet for a Season. —

Now all is well again. —

[Puts Up his Tobacco-stopper.]

Androb. *[Sits Down.]* Sure something is Amiss, what-e'er it is. Now he has lost Sight of Me again.

Androb. Take out your what d'ye-call't once more, and maybe I may tell you all.

Solemn. If I should impart this Odd Event to others, they'll not Credit it, and to show him in his Aerial Form, I dare not.

Androb. Can you show me to other Folks? I'm glad of that. You shall —

Solemn. Left the Odious Name of Conjurer should be fixt upon me, and I (such is the prevailing Ignorance and Envy of the Age) instead of being Reverenc'd for my Science be hang'd for a Wizzard.

Androb

And ob. Look ye, I'll answer for you.

Solemn. Some other time I'd venture further, Mean while 'tis fit that I retire and ruminate upon this odd Phenomenon, and find out by my *Talismanick Art* some means to unsfer its Lips. [Exit.]

Androb. Unsfer your Ears, ye Old Buzzard, I can speak, but you, it seems, can't hear. He's gone, a Pestilence go with him. I can't tell what to think of it; Am I bewitch't, or am I really Dead, as they say? It cannot be. Why, is not that a Hand as plain as a Pike Staff? Is not this a Nose? Don't I feel? Yes surely, to my Cost; for my back Akes still with the bruise I got when that Villain *Æsop* Over-set my Chair — yet I remember to have heard the learned say, that it is the Soul alone that Feels, the Body is but a Senseless Mass. If I did not think, I should not feel; then Perhaps I only think I feel. Think! I know not what to think, or whether I think at all, If I am Alive or Dead, or whether I ever was alive or no. Sure all this cannot be a Dream; I wish it were, and that I were fairly awake. O here come my good Friends, *Fizle* and *Flip*. Now I shall know.

Enter Fizle and Flip.

Fizle. You must take no Notice of him at all, before he makes his Publick Entry; He'll have it so, and you know his Humor. Poor *Tom* has been Whipt almost to Death by his Orders, for barely Saluting him.

Flip. That is a little Whimsical, by the by; me thinks he might be visble to his Friends.

Androb. What's that? Pray Gentlemen, let me ask you one Question, because I hear, That there is some Doubt my Visbility; D'ye see me? Am I Alive or Dead? What d'ye Think?

Fizle. I told you so, this he does to try our Obedience. Answer him Not.

Androb. Will neither of you Answer me?

Fizle. At six a Clock I'll meet you here again. Adue.

[Exeunt severally, without Noticing him.]

Androb. They're Gone, and saw me not! Nay, then 'tis too True, I am Dead, as sure as I'm Alive; Dead, Dead as a Herring, and something worse too; for I am Condemn'd to Converse with no Body, but Old *Solemn*, who ever was a Hell upon Earth to me. Would I could change that Doom for any other. Could I but have the Company of my Fellow Ghosts, I should be in some measure Happy, but that is not my Lot, it seems. If the Old Conjurer can but unsfer Lips, as he calls it, or uncork his own Ears, as I take it, I might perhaps prevail with him to Conjure me a little better Conversation than his own. It is Tormenting, that I must be oblig'd to him: but there is no Remedy; I'll Wheadle him with a Story of the other World, of which I know as little as he does; That may work upon him.

Enter Tom. with a Broom Sweeping the Gallery.

Tom. What a Clutter is here about the Earthing an Old Stinking Corps; Would he had Lain in State in some other place; but rest his Soul, such was his Will.

[Sings.]

Whence

Whenas Old Nick-Nack Ru'd this Land,
A Doughty Blade he wore.
Four Dozen Hides he Tann'd, dragons
Of Gyants eke Four Score.

Androb. I wonder if the Ghosts of other Men hear all the Vile Things that are said and Sung of them after their Death?

[Tom sweeps the Dust on him.

Tom. But now he's Dead, and laid in Clay.——

This Dust is most Abominably Salt, I must qualify't a little.

[Drinks, and spurs it upon him.

What a Plaguy Earthy Taste this same small Beer has got, all of a sudden.

[Sings.

But now he's Dead and laid in Clay.——

Androb. That's a Lye, for I a'n't Bury'd yet, by his own Confession.

Tom. Alack, and Wo therefore,

The Gyants they may go to play,

The Dragons sleep and snore.

What a Carrion stink here is; the more I sweep the more it stinks.

Androb. Solemn Can see me, but can't hear me; This Fellow can neither see me nor hear me; but he can smell me; I'll try if he can feel me.

Tom. The Dragons sleep and snore.—— The stink Comes that way.

[Bats him on the Breast with the Broom.

I'll Perfume the Air a little.

[Besprinkles him with the Bottle.

Androb. Hold, Sirrah, hold. Well, if I were alive they durst not have us'd me thus; This Usage convinces me more then any thing else. [Exit.

Tom. He has it, he has it; I doubt it will be a hard matter to persuade him to Life again.

Act Third, Scene Third.

Enter Fizzle and Flip.

Fizzle. WE see, Tom, you are very busy. But if it be no Interruption, pray give us leave to ask you, In what manner the General is to make his Entry?

Tom. You have it.

Fizzle. Nay, Answer us Directly.

Tom. I do, you have Leave.

Flip. Well then, In what manner is the General to make his Entry?

Tom. Ask him.

Fizzle. Thank you for that; Ask him, and have our Curiosity answer'd

answer'd as yours was. But we know that it depends in a great measure on the Keeper, and you of late are more in his Confidence than we.

Tom. If it depends upon the Keeper, He'll make his Entry by way of Exit? If upon himself, it is Problematical, and admits of several Solutions.

Flip. As how?

Tom. Either, *Harry-Durvy*, *Hum-Drum*, or *Blud and 'Owms*. Rest you Merry, Gentlemen. [Exit.]

Fizzle. We shall learn nothing from this Fellow; but so far we know, that the Keeper must assist at it; And from a broad by hints we have understood, that if he is destroy'd any how, so the General be not seen in't, He'll take that Trust upon himself; Then all will be Well. Now if we can but Contrive to have the Chair over Loaded, plac'd Upon the Hatch over the Vault, and the Hatch Unbolted, or so weakly Barr'd, that its weight may sink him Down, we shall get Rid of him, and it will appear to the world to be the meer Effect of Chance.

Tom. Peeping. Are you there with your Bears? I shall be up with you. I'll go find out *Solemn*, and try to build on this Foundation of their own Laying. [Exit.]

Flip This is Admirable, and cannot fail; Let's loose no time, but go about it streight; I'll get into the Vault, and Prepare the Bolt; do you take care to place the Chair. Here comes old *Solemn*; no more words, but *Mum*. [Exeunt.]

Enter *Solemn.* and *Tom.*

Solemn. Are you sure that you heard distinctly? The Excess of the Villany makes it incredible!

Tom. Am I sure that I live? But if you doubt it, the very Tampering with the Chair will Convince you.

Solemn. Away then, acquaint the Keeper, and *Æsop*, leave the rest to me. One thing you must take care be Punctually Observ'd, that is, That *Andreboras* Friends be planted next to the Chair, by way of Precedency. Quick, Quick, be gone.

Tom. I fly. [Exit.]

Solemn. When Malice becomes a Moral Virtue, that Couple must be fainted; if the Long Robes were made use of only to Cover the Personal Defects and Blemishes of those who wear 'em, much might be said in their Defence; but when they are worn or lent to Cover Daggers, and Poyson prepar'd for the Innocent, is there a Mortal so devoid of Humanity as to appear on their side? If, as the Philosophers speak, the Corruption of the best Things produces the Worst, the Abuse of Things Sacred must be Dev'lish. O! you are come in good time.

Enter *Æsop.*

Pray get all in order for this same Entry; Neglect not that part of the Ranking of them, which I, by *Tom*, recommended to you. I'll Equip the General, and dispose him for his Triumph: In the mean while

while do you Intertain 'em with a Tale, or how you please, until he comes.

Æsop. Dispatch then, for they grow Impatient.

[*Exit Æsop.*]

Enter *Androboros.*

Androb. I hope he has by this time found a way to unsnar my Lips or his own Ears, no matter which.

Solemn. Here he comes pat. *Nick-Nack*, How dost do? I'm glad to see thee Awake with all my heart.

Androb. Is the Dev'l in the Fellow? He can see me now without the help of his Gymcrack; not to mention your odd Familiarity. What d'ye mean by Awake? When was I asleep?

Solemn. Asleep! You have been so Time out of mind. You have been Walking asleep, Talking asleep, and Fighting asleep, I know not how long.

Androb. I'm glad it's no Worfe; I thought I was Dead, at least every body else seem'd to think so.

Solemn. Dead! No, No; it is all a Jest.

Androb. Why, you old Raskal, you, Did not you but now start at the sight of me, as if you had seen a Ghost?

Solemn. True; yet you are not actually Dead, but Invisible to all the World besides, and must continue so, so long as I shall think fitting.

Androb. aside. I ever thought this Fellow had the black Art. [*to him*] I wish thou would'st change that Curse for any other. Canst thou not make thy self invisible to me, as thou hast done me to other Folks? So far I own I would be oblig'd to thee, and thank thee.

Solemn. If that will oblige you, 'tis done, Look but into this Telescope, and in that instant I shall become invisible to you.

[*Looks into a hollow Cane; Solemn from the other End blows Snuff into his Eyes.*]

It is done?

Androb. Villian, Dog, Raskal, I'm blind; Where are ye, ye Villian, Murderer?

Solemn. Here, This way, This way; You must see with your Ears, until I shall think fit to unsnar your Eyes, General; That is the bargain, if I remember right. [*Exit Solemn, Androb. Groping his way after him.*]

Act Third, Scene Fourth.

Curtain drawn, Discovers Keeper, Deputy, Tom, Æsop, Fizzle, Flip, Coxcomb, Babilard, Mullegrub, &c.

Keeper. **L**et the Black Gentlemen be Rank'd as they desire; I'll do all I can to please e'm.

Æsop. With all my Heart, Only I thought it bad Heraldry that these who are supported by the Chair, should support it.

Keeper. Another time you shall have your way; I'll have it so now; let the Rest observe their distance.

[*Here they are rank'd, Fizzle and Flip next to the Chair.*]

Æsop.

Esop. I'll keep as distant as I can, that I may be at Ease; *Fizle's* Phiz always gives me the Chollick. I know not why he should be suffer'd to walk at Large, to the Detriment of his Majestys Leige People, whilst so many of his Species up and down the World are Insty'd, Inkennel'd, Impounded or Incloyster'd. Did you ever hear how that came about? I'll tell you, if you please,

Keeper. Come on.

Esop. And First of the First

Nature, which nothing leaves to Chance,
Had dealt to Creatures of each Kind,
Provision for their Sustenance,
To some her Bounty had Assign'd
The Herb o'th' Fields, whilst others had
The Spoils of Trees, but All were Fed.

The Grunting Kind obtain'd the last,
A happy Lot; for every Wood
Afforded store of Nuts and Mast,
And *Jove's* own Tree did Show'r down Food
Enough for all, could all his Store
Have kept that Herd from Craving more.

But they with Sloath and Plenty Cloy'd,
Wax'd Wanton, and with Tusks Profane,
First, all the sacred Trees Destroy'd,
Which fed 'em; Next invade the Plain,
Where harmless Flocks did graze, and Spoil'd
With Rav'nous Snouts the fertile Soil.

Jove hears the loud Complaints and Cry's
Of Suff'ring Flocks, and streight Ordains,
That henceforth Hogs be pen't in Sty's,
And fed with Wash, and Husks, and Grains;
Where ever since th' Unhallow'd Race
Wallows in Fat and Filthyness.

Secondly, Beloved—

Keeper. No, No, We have enough of the first!
What Noise is that?

[*Noise within*]

Androb. within. I'll have the Villian Hang'd; Dog, Raskal, Rogue;
Scoundrel.

Esop. By my Life, it is the General making his Entry; It seems he has got no Herald for this Triumph, that he thus Proclaims his own Titles,
[*Enter Solemn, Androboros following him.*]

Solemn. Make way there, Make way; Room, Room for the General;
This Way,—This Way—

[*Solemn Steps aside, Androboros Runs blindly upon the Chair, Fizzle and Flip Endeavouring to Stop him, Sink with Him.*]

Stick and Flip. Hold, Hold; Help! Help! Help!

Keeper

Keeper. What's the meaning of this ?

Solemn. 'Tis but a Trap of their Own laid for you, Sir, in which
They Themselves are Caught.

Casscomb. Let's be gone ! There is no Safety here.

[*Casscom. Babilord, Muligrub Sneaking off.*

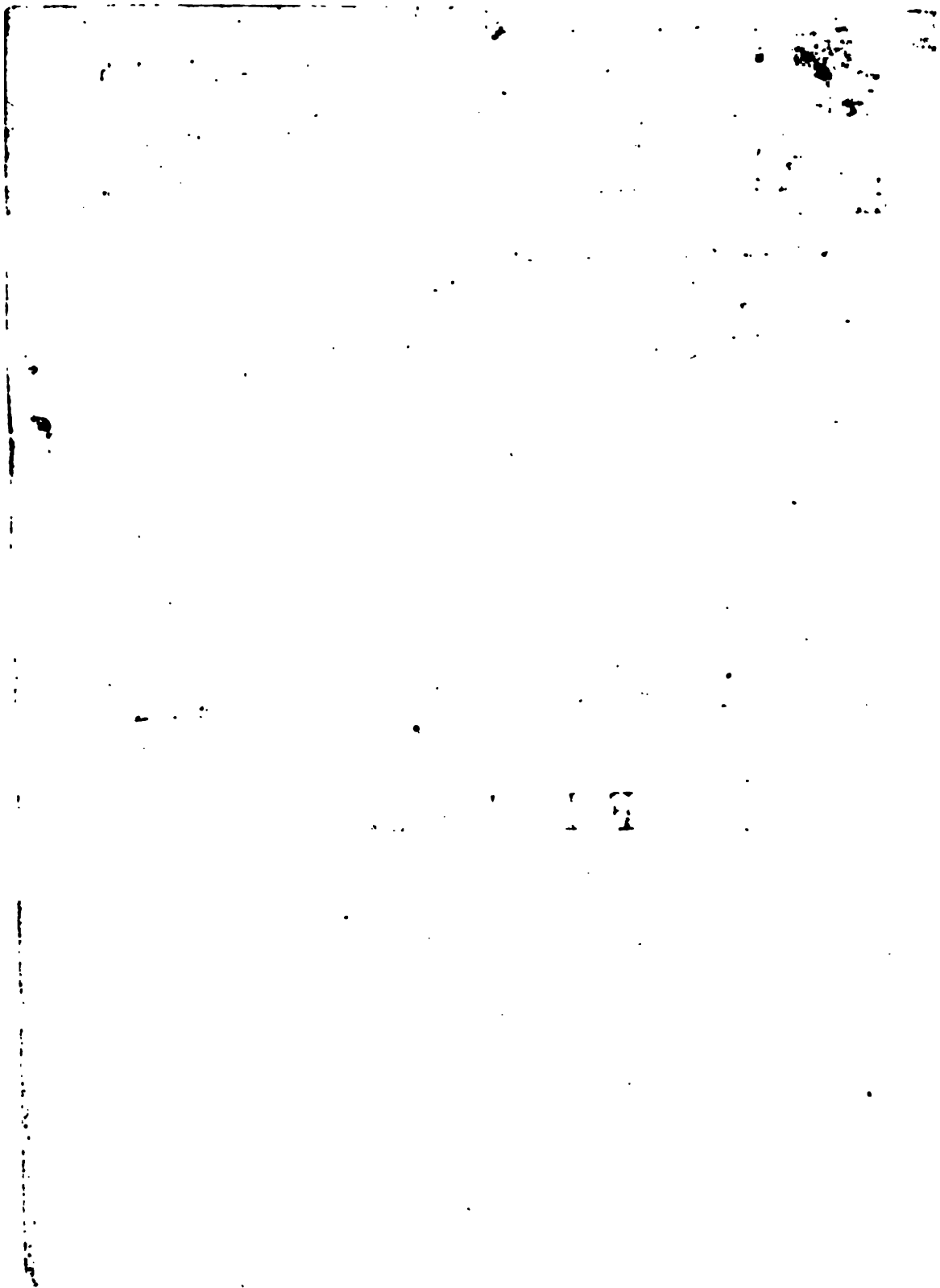
Solemn, What ! You are a making your Retreat ; you need not fear,
you are a sort of Vermin not worth the Bait, The others have their
Deserts.

*In former Ages virtuous Deeds
Rais'd Mortals to the blest Abodes,
But Hero's of the Modern 'Lreed
And Saints go downward to the Gods.*

[**Exeunt.**

Curtain Falls.

F I N I S . .







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